PATLAR

VOICE OF GAY AMERICA - OCTOBER 1988

NOVEMBER 1988

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PATLAR
Voice of Gay America

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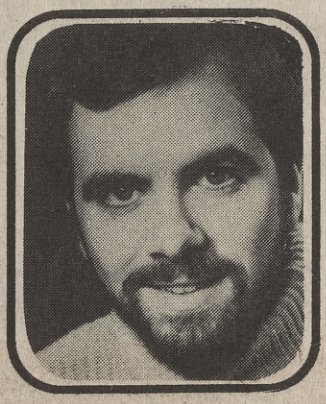
Our Cover Person for November is George who works in Sacramento as a bartender at Joseph's Town & Country.

THE NEXT WAVE

by Douglas N. Lewis

The Names Project: Washington, D.C.



Saturday, October 8, 1988 was a beautiful day in Washington, D.C. The sky was a soft blue, a few clouds swept the sky clean with their passing and nipping, frigid air blew through the hair and hearts of all those who gathered at the Ellipse, in front of the White House, to remember. People stood, sat, laid in the grass, and walked around the Names Project in various states of grief and celebration, in pain and release, filled with the memories and remembrances of over 8000 friends, lovers, sons, daughters, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts; and the list is still growing. Some were overcome and overwhelmed, some were in shock and numb, still others were animated and full of hope. But we had all gathered in commemoration of those who have died of AIDS.

It was somehow fitting that the Names Project, that huge tapestry of life and death, of pain and celebration, should be exhibited in front of the White House, in our nation's capital. As so many have said before, history will record the inactivity and apathy that permeated the government's response to the life and death struggle of so many of our brothers and sisters, of our children and parents. The poignancy of its placement was just one of a myriad of feelings that overwhelmed me on that day.

AIDS has been seared into the hearts and lives of a whole generation of gay people. And history will also record that we took care of our own. That a scattered and maligned group came together when it was necessary, mobilized our resources, and fought back with compassion and concern in the face of a deadly attacker. We've found many ways to bring our struggle to the attention of society, but surely one of the most extraordinary and effective has been The Names Project.

There was a candlelight march through the streets of Washington that evening. Thousands of people gathered at the Ellipse at dusk bearing candles, balloons, and each other. The light that they generated throughout the walk cannot be measured in just lumens, it must also be measured in compassion and concern and requiem. As I looked around the March, I saw the young and the old, the sick and the healthy, men, women, and children, the rich and the poor and gays and lesbians. It was a demonstration of such power and humanity that its energy will not soon dissipate from our nation's capital. And that's a good thing considering the greed, selfishness, and negativity that sometimes pours forth from Washington. One of the most amazing things about the March was its silence. People talked, but in hushed tones. There was a respect to be given there, and a point to be made. Not in anger. I think many of the people who attended that whole weekend were getting tired of anger. Getting tired of the finger-pointing and name-calling. This March was proof that sometimes the most profound statements are made by people united under a common banner and connected through a quiet will. Another lesson I will not soon forget.

I felt lucky, I was alive. Probably more alive on this day than I have ever been before. Partially because of the recognition of so many deaths. And the awareness of how precious time has become to anyone touched by their own and other's mortality. The focus, however, was not on my own mortality as I walked around the Quilt, but more on the brevity of the lives I was being permitted to touch through the love and work of those people who had loved and lost. An awakening occurred in my own spirit that day to the hope and courage of those who go on, day after day, fighting in homes and hospitals, in the streets and within hearts for their very survival. I was brought to an understanding of loss that I had never known before. Loss of a loved one is never final. They may have left this life, but they live on in the lives, the deeds, and the words of those they've left behind. I'm proud to carry on the work and memories of those who have died. Their names will not be forgotten. Their lives will echo on in our successes. That I could have been touched means that many thousands more have been touched. Let this be a lesson to the world. That no collective of people bearing the scars and tears of discrimination, the passion and pain of loss and the hope and faith of love will ever be silenced again.

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"ONE MAN'S OPINION"

by Mel Dahl

It has become fashionable for gay and lesbian political leadership to hop into the sack with the government whenever the opportunity to do so presents itself. The theory seems to be that if only we can persuade the government of the justice of our position, or, failing that, that we control a large bloc of votes, they will listen to us. This doctrine is based on a rather naive presumption that the government has our best interests at heart, or at least can be persuaded to listen to reason.

The answer to this proposition may be found by a simple examination of the present health crisis.

Current wisdom is that the AIDS virus originally infected IV drug users in New York, and was spread from them to the gay community generally by drug users who were also gay. Why did the disease spread so rapidly? Partly because clean needles for IV drug users are illegal, and thus IV drug users must resort to sharing needles. While nobody would argue that clean needles would have stopped the spread of AIDS altogether, it certainly would have slowed it down in the beginning. Thus, many gay men are now paying with their lives for the foolishness called the War on Drugs.

Then, when the disease had gotten a foothold within the gay population (and been perceived as a gay disease), what was the response of the government? Nothing. There were thousands of deaths, hundreds of thousands of infections with the virus, millions of dollars raised by the private sector, and the Reagan administration could not bring itself to admit that a problem existed. Unlike Legionnaires' Disease and the cyanide-laced Tylenol, both of which affected miniscule numbers of people compared to AIDS, the government did absolutely nothing until it was too late.

I take it back; the government did do something. It decided to wage a three-front war, not against the disease, but against the victims of the disease.

First, the Food and Drug Administration swooped down to keep from AIDS victims any potentially life-saving drugs that had not been subjected to the usual ten-year battery of tests. Never mind that people who are dying have an obvious right to save their own lives by whatever means they can; never mind that any negative side effect is still and improvement over an early death; never mind that doctors rather than federal bureaucrats are in a much better position to make medical decisions for their patients; and never mind that these drugs represent the only glimmer of hope, albeit a dim one, thus far to appear on the horizon.

Second, the federal government continues to maintain taxation policies that make adequate funding for AIDS research a near impossibility. The Internal Revenue Code was written with "traditional families" in mind, even though such traditional families now number a small and diminishing percentage of the population. The practical result of this is that the average homosexual pays between 35% and 40% of his or her income in taxes. This means that a gay person who would like to devote his hard-earned money to AIDS research must instead subsidize Congressional junkets, the President's Commission on Pornography, and the continued build-up of nuclear arms. So, AIDS research is hit with a double whammy: inadequate funding from a government that doesn't give a damn coupled with taxation policies that make private efforts ever more difficult. Surely a community that has raised millions for AIDS research even with oppressive taxation would do much, much more if not for oppressive taxation.

Third, the government has centered its efforts on the victims of the disease rather than the disease itself. The most effective tool against the spread of the disease is education, yet the most effective education tools have all been disemboweled by the moralists running the Reagan administration on the grounds that they promote homosexuality, that they are too explicit for young audiences, that they conflict with the Bible. Instead, the administration has offered quarantine, mandatory testing and just say no, none of which are effective and all of which will drive that section of the population most in need of services underground. The administration appointed an AIDS commission that consisted almost entirely of people on record has having said something offensive about the major high-risk group, and then when the Commission stunned the world by coming up with a series of sensible proposals, the administration ignored those proposals in favor of quarantine, mandatory testing, and just say no.

And the problem is not confined just to this administration. At the present time there are a couple dozen states that have Democratic governors, and with one or two notable exceptions, their records on AIDS (and gay) issues are equally abysmal. The gay community had great hopes for Jimmy Carter when he took office; those hopes turned out to be misplaced on a rather grand scale.

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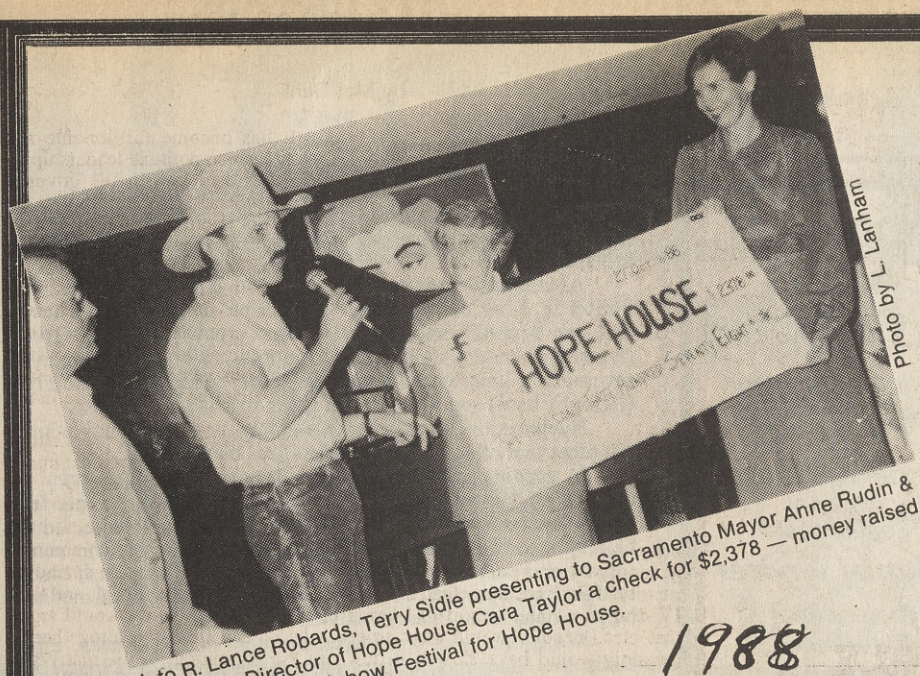

Photo by L. Lanham

L to R. Lance Robards, Terry Sidie presenting to Sacramento Mayor Anne Rudin & Executive Director of Hope House Cara Taylor a check for $2,378 — money raised by Sacramento Rainbow Festival for Hope House.

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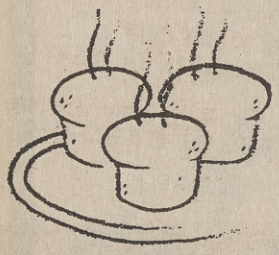

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GAY HISTORY

by Terry Boughner, Ph.D.

Part VI

In all of the ancient Greek and Roman world, there was probably no love story that was a better known than that of Alexander the Great and Haephestion. The account comes to us from the pens of the Greek historian, Arrian, and the Roman biographer, Plutarch.

Alexander was born in July, 356 B.C. His father was Phillip II, King of Macedon which, after the defeat of Thebes and her Sacred Band, was the most powerful of the Greek states. Alexander's mother was Olympias, a beautiful woman of raven-black hair who claimed to be descended from Achilles (Homer's hero) and who common gossip said was a witch.

Haephestion, born in 357 B.C., was the son of a noble lord; but other than that, we know little of his background.

In appearance they were almost a perfect complement to each other. Alexander had thick, curly auburn hair and fine features, the most striking parts of which were his large, liquid blue eyes, suffused, it was said, with melancholy. He was short, slender and delicate. Haephestion, on the other hand, had black, straight hair, eyes the color of warm walnut and was of medium build, a head taller than Alexander.

Macedonia was considered by most of the Greeks, especially the Athenians, to be a rude place where the Greek language was spoken badly, lacking culture of any kind.

To remedy this situation, Phillip founded a school and summoned the philosopher, Aristotle, to teach. It was there, as students, that Alexander and Haephestion met.

According to Arrian, they were inseparable from the beginning. Aristotle seems to have had no objections and certainly Phillip didn't mind. It was well known that he enjoyed both women and youths so that his son's sexual preferences would be a matter of little concern to him.

Phillip, however, didn't understand the exclusive nature of the relationship between Alexander and Haephestion and when he argued with Alexander about it, the son replied, "Haephestion is my soul. I have no need for another."

The two young men ate together, studied together and slept in the same room. As far as sex was concerned, it seems to have played a relatively small role. Alexander said often that sex reminded him of death while Haephestion remarked that the hardest battle he ever fought was "the battle of Alexander's thighs."

Alexander became king at the age of 18 when his father was assassinated. There were those who thought that the crown would come between him and Haephestion. They were wrong. Haephestion never left Alexander's side.

Before his murder, Phillip had been making preparations for the war against Shah Darius of Persia. Alexander continued those plans and in 334 B.C., he and Haephestion led an army of 30,000 into Asia.

They stopped at the site of hallowed Troy. Together, before the army, the worshiped at the tomb said to be that of Achilles and his lover, Petrocolus, the two great mythological lovers of Homer's Iliad.

Then, they marched on to crush the Persians at the Battle of Arbela. Darius fled, leaving his mother, Sysigambia, to the mercy of the Greeks.

Alexander and Haephestion went to her tent to meet the old lady. She did not know what the king of the Greeks looked like and, assuming it was the taller of the two, she fell on her knees before Haephestion. Urgently, one of her ladies whispered the truth. She looked up in confusion and fear. But then Alexander extended his hand with a smile said, "No, no good mother. For he too is Alexander." She joined them and became a "grandmother" to them both for the rest of their days.

From the ashes of Persia rose the Greek Empire stretching from the Aegean Sea in the west to the Indus River in the east. It was the greatest empire that the world had ever known, yet it was created in a little over ten years.

In 324 B.C. Alexander and Haephestion were in Hamadan, the summer residence of the Shahs. The world was at their feet and the future looked radiantly bright. Then, suddenly Haephestion fell ill. The best doctors were summoned and he seemed to improve--enough so that Alexander could attend a banquet. But in the middle of the festivities, a servant brought world that

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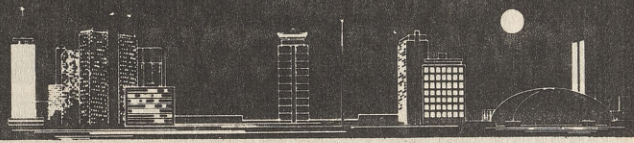

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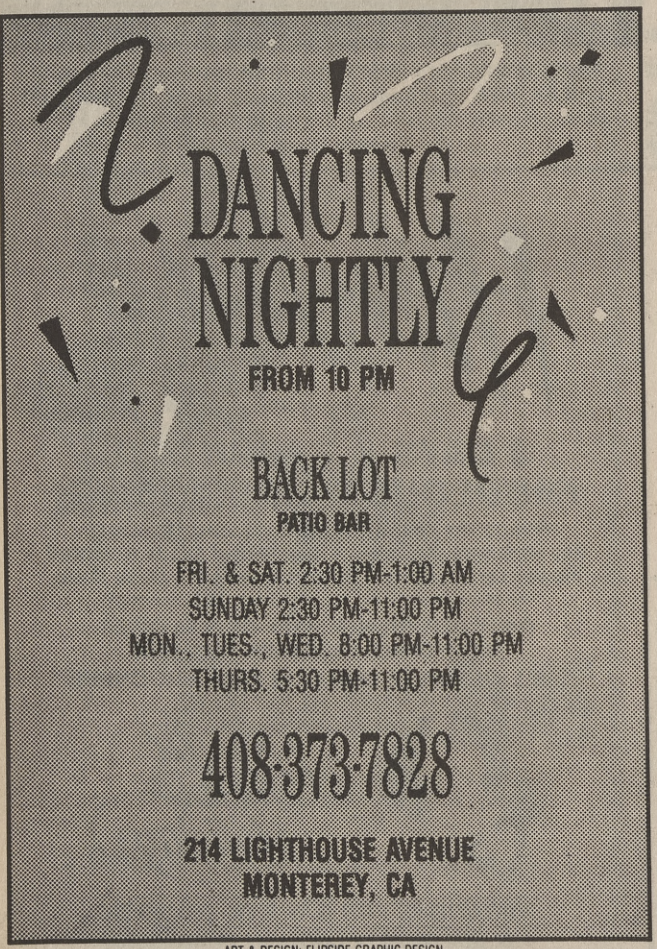


Haephestion had taken a turn for the worse.

Alexander raced to the palace where they were staying and took his lover into his arms. In the days that followed, he allowed no one to take care of him except himself. It was futile. Haephestion died. Those standing by outside the room knew what had happened, it was aid, when they heard a cry so awful, so pitiful, that the wild gods wept in anguish.

Alexander's grief was as extreme as any man's nature permitted. For three days he stayed with the body of his lover and would allow no one near. He refused all food and drink and lay day and night with the body as if somehow, in some way, his love would restore Haephestion to life.

When Alexander finally was forced to yield, someone said to him, "There is an empire, Sire, and you are living." Alexander replied sadly, "How can I be living if one half of me is dead?"

Alexander ordered that Haephestion's funeral pyre be the largest that had ever been built. At the same time, he commanded that all over the empire the royal fires be extinguished, something that only happened when a king died. People understood the meaning, believing that Haephestion was indeed Alexander.

After Haephestion died, all of Alexander's hopes and plans for the future evaporated. With each day, his sorrow seemed only to deepen. The only relief was in wine and he was never sober for too long. The worst times were probably the nights when those standing guard said that they could hear him crying as if there would never be an end to tears.

But there was an end and it came on June 10, 323 B.C. Knowing that he was dying, Alexander's generals gathered around his bed, begging him to designate a successor. With great effort, he took the royal seal ring from his finger. "To the best," he said and let it fall to the floor. No one dared to pick it up. As Alexander already knew, "the best" had already left to "go to the gods." He went to rejoin him.

[Terry Bougher, the author of this series, received his Ph.D. in History from Catholic University in 1970. He taught at LaRouche College near Pittsburgh until 1984. He now resides in Milwaukee where he has helped start a gay newspaper called Wisconsin Light which debuted in November, 1987.]

HOROSCOPES

by Dr. Pat Larr

SCORPIO *(Oct 23-Nov 22)*: A queen with a huge swinging scepter longs to knight you some night. Give the old girl and chance.

SAGITTARIUS *(Nov 23-Dec 21)*: If you like them hairy, the teddy bear headed your way is just the ticket. If not, get out the scissors.

CAPRICORN *(Dec 22-Jan 19)*: That good-looking stud with the smoldering bedroom eyes only as dollar signs in his heart. Don't say you weren't warned.

AQUARIUS *(Jan 20-Feb 18)*: A younger man has come to look up to you. Give him a chance and he may just come.

PISCES *(Feb 19-Mar 20)*: It's travelin' time for weary Pisces. You may find the man to un-Locke your heart at West Sacramento's DENO'S!

ARIES *(Mar 21-Apr 19)*: You meet up with someone named Lucky. Rub him the right way and he may rub off on you.

TAURUS *(Apr 20-May 20)*: All the turkeys are out this month and they're headed your way. If you want a big gobbler, well, you just may get it.

GEMINI *(May 21-Jun 20)*: Don't pig-out at month's end. Your first Christmas present of the season arrives Dec. 21st and he likes them slim.

CANCER *(Jun 21-Jul 22)*: A handsome stranger dangles something beautiful in your face. You always did admire a big wallet.

LEO *(Jul 23-Aug 22)*: That special someone tries to tell you how to spend your pennies. Tell him you've got something else for him to pinch.

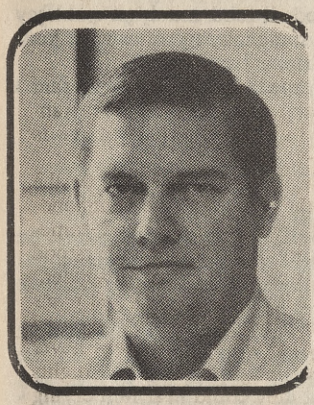
VIRGO *(Aug 23-Sep 22)*: Handcuffs provide some much needed restraint mid-month. You were born to shop; but wait until next month!

LIBRA *(Sep 23-Oct 22)*: A leatherman longs to whip you into shape. Maybe a diet would be in order before the holidays. Unless, of course, you just want to whipped!

GROWING GOLDEN

by Patrick H. Colley

WARNING: LIVING A LONELY LIFE IS AS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH AS SMOKING!



Yes, that's what they're saying now. University of Michigan researchers have found that socially isolated and lonely adults run as great a risk of developing health problems--and dying prematurely--as smokers. The studies were done at the university's Institute for Social Research. According to James S. House, a research scientist at the Institute and chairman of the university's Department of Sociology, data indicate that social isolation is as significant to mortality rates as smoking, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, obesity, and lack of physical exercise. House and his associates seem to think that social relationships affect the brain in such a way as to slow down breathing and heartbeat rates, thereby reducing wear and tear on the body.

This study greatly distresses me, especially in the light of all the lonely seniors I've come in contact with. Granted, there are a few who want to be alone for one reason or another, but most want to live their lives out that way. They certainly don't want to die prematurely.

This study also confirms suspicions I've had all along. At about 40, I began to sense that all the years of loneliness were taking a heavy toll on my body. Suddenly, I knew that I had to make three very profound changes in my life:

a. Stop smoking;
b. Begin a program of exercise and balanced diet; and
c. Find a life mate.

The first two changes were enormously difficult, but I somehow knew that they were a prerequisite for the third. By the age of 42, I had stopped smoking for good and embarked on an exercise and diet program which had me running 31 miles a week and eating only chicken, fish, whole-grain breads, fresh veggies and fruits. I felt good about my new look and was ready for the third and most important challenge.

There are several theories about find a mate. Some believe that you meet your mate when the planets are right. Others think that such a meeting is fated, while others think that you have to approach the task in a methodical, intelligent manner. Maybe it's a combination of all three. What's important, however, is to give yourself a "chance." The stars and fate won't help if you hide behind a TV set.

I got my body and mind in the best possible shape and went off in search of HIM. In spite of the specter of AIDS, I safely "met" as many men as possible, honing my senses to detect that special magic. Instead of astrological charts and tarot cards, I allowed my gut to lead me. I wrote to hundreds of men through contact clubs, traveling from coast to coast, meeting the promising ones. Little did I know that my photograph had ben shown to men a thousand miles away and had made a very profound impression. For reasons I can't fathom, I picked up and moved from Houston to Los Angeles and met my partner within a week.

Contrary to popular belief, single seniors don't have to spend their last years alone and unhappy--not today. The gay press, more than ever before, is concerned about gay seniors. Our own PATLAR, The Baltimore ALTERNATIVE, Denver's OUT FRONT, PHILADELPHIA GAY NEWS, and The ADVOCATE have all featured recent articles of great interest to senior gay men and lesbians. It's a hot topic nowadays because we're all getting older and becoming the majority.

Publications like HOLIDAY BULLETIN and SWAN publish, by the hundreds, personal ads for senior gay men. For lesbians over 50, it's GOLDEN THREADS. Organizations like SAGE, PROJECT RAINBOW, OASIS, and CENTER 55 cater to the needs of senior men and women and are excellent

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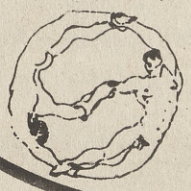

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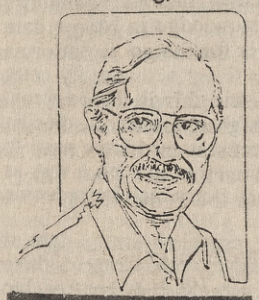
sources for new friends. They can also help you redirect some of that energy toward helping others. For senior men and their admirers, there is PRIME TIMERS, an organization on the East Coast that is growing like mad. They even throw nude parties!

There is no reason to be alone anymore. Even if you are incapacitated or live in the middle of nowhere, there IS a way. You just have to prepare yourself and reach out. Cut out the unhealthy habits in your life and try to get your body into better shape. Make yourself seen and available by going places where you can meet people. Smile and talk to other lonely people. Buy all the local or national gay newsmagazines you can get your hands on and look for the organizations listed above.

A major change in your life could be a smile away. Don't cut your life short.

Oh, if only I had a relationship!

What, indeed, if you did? Well, of course, then there'd be no more cruising, no more one-night stands, no more sex in department-store johns or at truck stops and. . .



And, there'd be this perfect person who will fill in all the missing parts of me so that, as a couple. we would be "complete." And life would be like the endings of the movies of the forties!

But most of all, there would be good, warm, loving, comforting sex every night. . .Or every other night, or twice a week, or just on weekends. . .And it would never be boring, because we'd truly love each other. And, besides, he is (will be) that "perfect type" that always really turns me on. And. . .

He will agree with me in everything! We'll both like opera (or rock) and detest (or love) musical comedies and read sci-fi novels (or philosophy) and he'll also adore Maria Callas (or Barbra Streisand) and truly not like Barbra Streisand (or Maria Callas) and we'll both like to get up early (even on weekends) (or always both oversleep the alarm) and we'll never go to a bar again (or we'll now go to bars as a "couple" and I'll be proud to show him off and make everyone jealous) or we're both going to take off weight and begin working out and become gorgeous hunks. But, most of all, we will find it simple and easy to love each other forever because we are so much alike and have so many common interests!

Well, did you really check him out? Have you ever even found him? Or did you think you had, only to discover that. . .

He puts the toilet paper roll on the wrong way, so it comes off the back instead of the front of the roll! Or leaves the top off off the toothpaste. Or never picks up his dirty socks and underwear. . .even in the living room! Or farts a lot. Or picks his teeth with this thumb--even in public. Or has this insane passion for raw oysters (ugh) or peanut butter, or chili dogs. Or. . . Or. . . Or. . . I mean, thought you found him, once, or maybe more than once, but then. . .

Dear friend, there is no perfect lover! I have one (a "perfect lover," that is) and he does many of the above. And I do many of the above (the one's he doesn't like!) And we're at ten years, and counting. In fact, I think if you asked either of us, you'd get the same answer: "We're for life!"

How can that be? A "perfect lover" who is less than perfect? Yes!

Well, could I remind you once more of Werner Erhard's definition of what love is: "To love someone is to give them the space to be exactly the way that they are. . .and are not."

That is what Pat and I "do" for each other. We love each other! It's that simple. And, sure, he's highly intelligent, and I like that. He's quite handsome, and that's nice. And he's a truly "good soul" and has an incredible capacity for tolerance and patience--even with me! And, I'm patient (most of the time) and smart enough, and not entirely ugly, even at my age, and I think I'm a good soul as well. But, you'd better believe (as the saying goes!) that we both are flawed, and indeed do have some of the less-than-desirable characteristics listed above. And, we've

"cheated" on each other--or, rather, been involved with others, at least in the past, before the age of AIDS--but have now for some time been monogamous--something which seemed to just develop, naturally, and which we are comfortable with. In fact, I like it a lot!

And, over the years, we have developed more and more things which we share in common in terms of activities and interests. We were (or so it seemed) just about as different as two people could be, in the beginning, including the wide difference in ages.

At the same time, It remains true that there are ways in which we were, and continue to be, quite alike. I wish he liked a wider range of foods--I like almost everything! He wishes I weren't so crazy and unconventional and fit a more normal or average profile. But there is no question but that we have been "stretched" by knowing and sharing with the other. I've grown in appreciation of rock; he's expanded his knowledge and liking of classical. He's stretched my awareness and knowledge of nature and of national and international affairs; I've expanded his knowledge in New Age and spiritual matters. And, all of that is for the good, and I think we both know that.

But there's something more--and this is the part where the "going gets tough." That is that there are things about Pat (and for him, things about me) that stir up the deepest fears and anxieties and dark recesses in each of us. That "other" in any relationship inevitably stirs up the demonds and shows parts of oneself.

This is the part so few of us are ever quite able to make it on through--or "give space to." Yet, for any relationship to flourish and grow, both partners will need to be willing to have their partner serve as a guru, or as a "mirror" in which they will see--either directly manifest, or as a projection of their own fears--the parts of their ownself that they have not yet accepted or come to terms with. And, even more, it is the working through that which makes a relationship so incredibly valuable and worth the time (years!) and effort (patience, willingness and courage) to get through and resolve.

Ah! You will want a relationship? Please do know that you may indeed find some of those good and wonderful things we started out speaking of. Wonderful! We do, too! But you'll also find you demons--and your partner's--and have the chance to banish them!

Something else which I think began with Werner was the suggestion that if you want a wonderful relationship, pick someone you simply cannot stand, and have a relationship with them!

Insane? No, not quite! You get to start with much of your "stuff" already "visible" in your partner. None of it starts out "hidden" behind all the glamour and excitement and wonderful sex that "romance" tempts you into a relationship with. You can get right down to the hard work and the transformative stuff you'll need to do from the beginning!

OK! Perhaps that's too heavy. Yet, I have known people who've chosen that route, and attest to the fact that it does work, and you do come truly to "love" your partner!

The same is true of the "arranged" marriages of many cultures and ethnic groups. In "giving space" you indeed find you love your partner! And, I might add, yourself!

It's OK if you don't want to choose the "start tough" pathway to love and relationship. But I do suggest that you give quiet thought to what I've been saying here. I want you to have a relationship, if you want one! That's part of what I created The Loving Brotherhood for. . .! AND, I would hope that you can approach that with a higher probability of success, with these thoughts on the matter in mind.

Most important of all, relationships are real; love is possible; and, you are the ultimate author of that! I encourage you to go out and create that relationship you want.

[Dr. Walker is the founder of The Loving Brotherhood, "To make the planet a place where it is safe for people to love each other," as he puts it, and the creator of The ALL NEW YOU Experience. For information call (201) 875-4710.]

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CRACKER'S CUPBOARD

by Crackers IX de Modesto

For goodness sakes, summer is gone and we're well into fall. Time sure seems to pass rapidly, particularly when you're in my age bracket. This time of year has always been confusing to me, still wanting all the activities and energies of summer and not ready to settle into the slower pace of fall, not to speak of winter's approaching. Worse yet, I'm not ready to give up the old "barbie" to start up the old oven. Through it all, I find one more grey hair, one more wrinkle, one more pound had been added while not paying attention during the summe and eaarly fall fun times. Vacations are well over and it's time to start settling into more predictable patterns, including in the kitchen. In order to start out slowly, I'm offering you something still easy to prepare but a little more hardy.

BAKED EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

1 large eggplant
4 large tomatoes
2 bell peppers
4 onions
1/2 cup grated jack cheese
1/4 tsp basil
1/4 tsp crushed bay leaves
1 cup bread crumbs (coarse)

Peel eggplant and cut into one-inch cubes, parboil in salted water for fifteen minutes and drain thoroughly. Cut tomatoes into medium-size pieces. Cut peppers (remove seeds) into medium-size pieces. Peel onions, slice into rings, and slowly brown in olive oil.

Mix all ingredients together in a large casserole dish and bake at 350 degrees for one hour or until just lightly browned on top.

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Michael Maier MODERN MUSIC

The fall season has taken its place within the quickly fading days of 1988. By the time you read this, we will probably have elected a new President of the United States who will be the leader of the free world. We Americans will most likely (by Thanksgiving Day) have forgotten the presidential campaigning that focussed on low-budget drama.

The one element that emerged in the 1988 race for the White House was the ever-constant media term--'sound bite.' It was the media that turned this contest from the candidates addressing the issues to speaking in very general outlines and snappy little 'sound bites.' But, we as a nation do not seem to mind. We are indeed the largest civilization of couch potatoes. Just feed us pre-digested, slick-packaged, good sounding news-drama that requires very little thought. Our ears have become as aesthetically minded

as our eyes. We have become a nation of observers, not thinkers.

The music industry likewise has been busy putting out snappy 'sound bites.' But their 'sound bites' have depth and a constructive wealth greater than all of the 19887/88 political rhetoric together. I want to discuss some of the top picks for the 1988 fall season.

Last year I was excited by the emergence of the new alternative label of God Castle Records. This year another relatively new label caught my attention--Cypress Records. This independent company has released a number of unique recordings throughout the course of 1988. I will hi-lite two recent releases.

The name Johnny Lyon is not known to many music fans, but the name Southside Johnny brings to mind one of the most distinctive voices in the recording industry. By way of ten albums with his band, The Jukes, and appearances in films and the concert circuit, his distinct voice and vocal styling have been heard by millions of people. After a career spanning a decade, Southside Johnny released his first solo album on Cypress Records titled SLOW DANCE. This album is a ten-track collection of some of the strongest, best-produced and well-written contemporary rock songs to emerge this year. The production showcases a strong, confident, and gifted singer/songwriter.

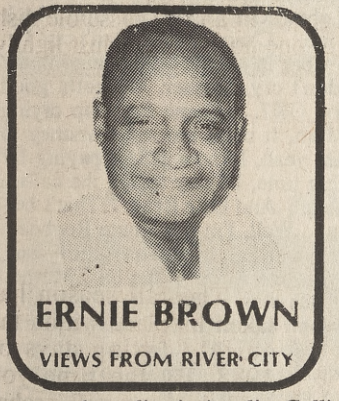
In creating SLOW DANCE, Southside and co-producer Steve Skinner drew on a cross section of sounds, from the modern dance beat of "Ain't That Peculiar," the blues struck "Little Calcutta" and the sentiment expressed in "Your Precious Love."

The album proves Southside to be one of the foremost male vocal stylists of this decade and an entertainer of unquestionable talents. A first-rate performer!

The second Cypress Record's release is from singer/songwriter/guitarist Kenny Rankin. Rankin is an artist who possesses a rare and multi-faceted talent. HIDING IN MYSELF, his first release for Cypress Records, musically explains where he's been, and provides a personal showcase for Rankin's principal instrument--his voice. The twelve-track album ranges from melodic ballads, like "Down the Road" about the conflict in Northern Ireland, to up-tempo jazz--"Loving' Side" about love's power of redemption, showing the wide spectrum that this truly outstanding and touching album embodies. A perfect album in every aspect!

CARRYINGS-ON IN GAY SACRAMENTO

(Home Base of Patlar)



October: The Imperial Wedding of Emperor Ralph & Empress Shay held at Joseph's Town & Country was the hi-lite of the month if not of the season if not of the year if not of the century. Granted it was a Charley & Di affair, almost. . .The worst event was the torching of our beloved Mercantile Saloon. We hope it'll be back in business within three months. The entire Merk staff would like to extend their gratitude to all of the other bars for taking us under your wings & your employment. A wonderful example of a community united. . .November: On the 18th (which all you opera queens do realize is Amelita Galli-Curci's ninety-ninth birthday) at the Wreck Room they will have a turkey raffle. So don't jump the gun and buy a big dead bird yet; who knows, you might win one!. . .The Buffalo Club has events seven days a week. Pool tournaments, beer stampedes, champagne brunches on Sundays, women's nite, men's nite; and they're now looking for shuffleboard players. . .If you have a sweet tooth, do I ever have just the place for you. Right here in our community no less. Run by family members: Chocolate Ripple Desserts located at 1309 21st St. Elegant desserts for stylish tastes. Open seven days a week. Stop in, break your diet, and throw kisses to Ken & Carroll. . .Joseph's Town & Country are still serving three meals a day, all very good. . .Faces restaurant is now a must! Gourmet in motion I call it. . .If you didn't see Carhops & Bondage playing at the Old Eagle Theatre, you're in luck. They have just extended it for another month. . .This month Beaus will have their strip dancers' finals. Check with them for the dates. . .Rev. Freida Smith recently announced that River City MCC's regular Sunday services are now telecast on a delayed basis at 8:00 PM every Thursday on Ch. 65 via Sacramento Cable. The programs are prepared for those suffering catastrophic illness or who are unable to attend church for other reasons. . .At the Blue Moon, a Latin Dance November 12 starting at 10:00 PM; dance instructions from 9 to 10; after hours Menudo Feed.

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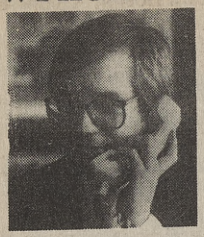

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RAOUL & JULIO REVISITED

by Lloyd R. Grosvenor

(First of three dialogues)

"Hello?. . . Mother?. . .Who is it? It's me. Raoul. Your second son. Who else calls you in the middle of the night and says 'Hello Mother'?. . .Who else calls you from Atlantic City and reverses the charges?. . .What time is it? It's two o'clock in the morning on June the third, nineteen-thirty-eight. . . I'm not being a smart alec, Mother. . .Well, I'm sorry I woke you, Mother. You said call as soon as we got here. We just got here. The rest of the band is taking their suitcases and instruments up to the rooms. . .No, it's not a flea-bag hotel, Mother. It's not to worry about flea-bags. You expect a flea-bag hotel by the Boardwalk, Mother?. . .When did I start calling you Mother instead of Mom? Since right now. I'm not a kid anymore. . .Sure, I'll write. Soon as I can. But you gotta understand, Mother, I'm working. . .But playing in an orchestra is working. Just because you say playing doesn't mean it's play instead of work. We got a rehearsal tomorrow afternoon and again Friday all afternoon, and we open at the Silver Slipper on Kentucky Avenue on Friday. . .What?. . .Yeah, like I said, soon as I can. Well, we have to sleep sometime. . .Yeah, yeah, Mother, I'll get my rest. . .And I'll get enough to eat. I promise. Matt'll look out for me--same as I'll look out for him. . .What d'y'mean, 'the blind leading the blind'?. . .Well, if it'll make you feel any better, we got a new older guy in the band--a real top egg. Name's Giulio. . .No, not Hoolio. It's Italian. It's pronounced Joo-lee-oh, but it's spelled G-I-U-L-I-O. . .Oh, don't worry, Mother. Italian won't rub off on me. No, Mother, I don't know if he's Catholic or not. That won't rub off, either. All I know is he plays the trumpet. He joined us in Philadelphia. . .How old is he? He's twenty-one. Well, yes, sort of worldly. . .No, no, not too worldly. Just knows the ropes. . .Gee, I thought you'd be glad about Giulio. He can sort of look out for both of us. . .Matt and me. . .C'mon, Mom. Don't cry. I'm nineteen. If I'm old enough to work in a night club and go in the army, I'm old enough to. . .don't cry, Mother. We gotta good manager-agent. . .Don't worry. OK?. . .Come on, stop crying over long distance. C'mon, Mom, it costs too much money to cry over long distance. . .Yeah, yeah, I know you're paying for the call. When we get to the big time, I'll pay for all the calls. . .But you still got Howie, Mother. . .And little Brad. . .That's better. . .It's not as if we're flying. . .Well, I'm not Knute Rochne. . .and that crash was back seven years ago in nineteen-thirty-one, Mother. Besides, I'm telling you, we were on the bus, Mother. The bus! The bus! Well, the bus was a little late, that's all. . .OK, I will. . .Sure, I'll write soon as I can. You bet...Say hello to Howie and Brad...and say hello to Dad. . .No, no, no, don't put him on. He won't know what to say. You know how he hates telephones. He'll just want to know we're OK . . .Rose? Oh, yeah, Rose. . .Well, if you see her, tell her. . .uh. . .don't tell her anything. . .What?. . .She did? All right, tell her we got here. . .No, I'm not going to write her...of course; I'm not mad at her...no, no...nothing like that. . .You know how she is. . .You don"t? Well, I do. If you let her, she'll pester you. Well, that's up to you if you want her to keep coming around and pestering you . . .Mother? Mother?. . .Listen. . .I don't want to talk about Rose. Just tell her I'm OK. . .Just tell Dad I'm OK. . .OK?. . .Get a good night's rest, Mother. . .

* * * * *

"God, Matt, it's great to get out of that hotel with seven guys to a room."

"Yeah. Look-a this room! Just you and me, Raoul. Just you and me, Kid."

"Still, I miss Giulio. He always livened things up."

"Yeah. Wonder how he likes bunkin' in with Melvin Davis?"

"It don't make Giulio no never mind. Giulio's a real ace. Probably the only one whio wouldn't squawk when our fearless leader asked him to be roomie with the black manager."

"I wouldn't have objected."

"You wouldn't? You on the square?"

"Sure. Mel, he's OK. Got great arrangements. When you're a musician that's all you are. Only question asked is do you play good."

"Gad, Matt, my Mom, she's no musician."

"What does that mean?"

"She doesn't like blacks. She doesn't like Catholics. She calls them 'micks'. She doesn't like Italians. Dagos, she calls them. She doesn't know you're Italian."

"I'm not. I'm American."

"Well, I mean your folks are Italian."

"My grandparents were. How come your Mom doesn't know I'm from an Italian family? We been friends for six months. Since we started playing together."

"I never told her your name's Mattucci. Everybody calls you Matt."

"I'll be goddamned! Well, then, how come your name's Raoul? That's some kind of a Spanish name, isn't it?"

"My Mom got it out of some book she was reading during the World War. Some book by Rafael Sabatini, I think."

"For Chris'sake, Sabatini was Italian ."

"English. He was born in Italy but became English. Besides, reading an Italian author's books and having an Italian for a friend are two different things in my mother's head."

"Jesus!"

"Don't get upset, Matt."

"I'm not upset. Yeah, I guess I am. But not over that. You Mom's craziness is her problem. I'm upset because I'm so damned hungry. Son-of-a-bitch! I knew damned well that club wasn't going to pay us this week."

"How did you know that?"

"It doesn't take an Einstein to figure out no money is coming in to that club. That first week wan't bad. We got paid. In full. Fifty bucks. Not bad. But when you see four people watching the floor show and everybody's gone by twelve o'clock--look out Hannah!"

"It'll pick up. It'll be better next week--probably."

"It better be or I'm quitting and going back home to Pittsburgh."

"I'll go with you. Still, renting a whole house for us beats the hell out of paying hotel rent. You know this place costs less than three hotel rooms?"

"It ought to! It's 'way the hell and gone from the club. Boston Avenue! You know how far it is from Boston Avenue and Pacific to Kentucky Avenue and the Boardwalk? We used to be able to walk to the beach and the club from the hotel on State Street."

"Would you rather be in a hotel room with six other guys or just you and me down here on Boston Avenue?"

"I gotta admit this is better, Raoul."

"OK. Let's go out to the kitchen and see if there's anything to eat. Maybe some cereal and milk What time is it?"

"Four in the morning."

"I suppose Giulio and the other guys will be jamming in that club over on Baltic Avenue 'til daybreak."

"That won't be long. It'll be light in another hour."

"They won't know that. There's no windows in that place. You know that, Matt? No windows. Last time they jammed 'til eight in the morning."

"Do tell?"

"That's my idea of nothing at all. After you pound the piano from ten at night 'til two in the A.M., you need some rest. Especially when we're only getting two meals a day at THE restaurant."

"Yeah. THE restaurant."

"How much can you get to eat in a thirty-five-cent meal?"

"How much can you expect? It's not bad, though. Better than nothing."

"Not much. Hey! There's nothing here. Just some ketchup and a little dab of mustard. Those bastards ate up everything."

"Can you blame them?"

"Guess not. Here's some milk."

"Is it sour?"

"Don't think so. Smells OK. . .Tastes OK. Want to share it?"

"OK. . .You're all right, Raoul."

"Thanks."

"Let's go on back to our room and go to bed."

"OK."

"Shit! I wanted to go to the Steel Pier on our night off and see Gene Krupa. Can't do it without a little dough. He's only going to be there a week."

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"Whyn't you call up you Mom and ask her to wire you some money?"

"My mother's not made of money."

"You're the only one who calls up your Mom and reverses the charges."

"That's different."

"What about your little Rosie?"

"She's not my little Rosie. What about her?"

"Maybe she could scare up a few bucks. She's all the time coming over to your house, and--"

"She's a damned nuisance, Matt. I kid you not, Kid. . ."**O, you are so cute, Raoul! Oh, I love the smile that wrinkles your nose, Raoul.. . .**' She got that out of some damned song."

"Just the Way You Look Tonight."

"What?"

"That's the name of the song: **Just the Way You Look Tonight.**"

"Oh. Anyway, I can't stand her. When I was home she kept calling me up. Girls don't call up boys. Do they?"

"I guess some do. Don't you miss her? Not at all?:"

"Oh, shit!"

"What's that mean? Don't you like girls?"

"Why does everybody ask that? I suppose I like girls as well as I do--well, women. Or mothers or grandmothers or grandfathers or teachers or doctors or guys or musicians or anything. But I'm not crazy like most young guys. That's all they talk about--girls, girls, girls. Jesus! You'd think there wasn't anything else beautiful in the whole fucking world but girls."

"Watch your language. Somebody might hear you say that F-word and know what it means."

"Oh, you always make a joke out of everything, Matt. I mean, there's pictures and sunsets and trees and hills and snow and music. . .They're all beautiful. It's all: **Pretty Baby** and **Ain't She Sweet?** and **A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody that haunts you night and day,** and that piece **Music Maestro, Please, goes. . .how much I ned her, so Mister Leader...and Sweet Georgia Brown,** and--"

"How about Pepper Barrat? Don't she give you the hots? Ain't she a real pip-er-oo?"

"That old bag? She must be thirty-five. She ruins the whole floor show. When she grinds out that line: **I went to Havana on one of those cruises. . .**I could puke."

"What about our own Flat Foot Floogie Chorus?"

"Eight babes I want to stay away from."

"Giulio told me he screwed one of them. The cross-eyed one."

"According to him, he's screwed everybody. And so have the dancing ladies of the chorus. No telling what you can get from them. Say, aren't you wearing anything to bed?"

"I never wear anything to bed when it's this hot in the summertime."

"My mother would shit a brick if I didn't wear my pyjamas to bed. No matter how hot--"

"Where's you Mom now, Raoul?"

"Home."

"And if she shits a brick, she'll have a square ass-hole. Right now she's probably reading another novel by Sabatini."

"Ha! Ha! Right! I'm not going to wear anything either."

"Right."

"Jesus, I'm hungry!"

"Well, get into your bed and go to sleep and forget your stomach."

"How can I forget it? It keeps on growling. I bet I lost ten pounds this week."

"Turn out the goddamn light, will you? Last one in bed has to turn out the light."

"OK. . .Matt?"

"What?"

"I'm so goddamn hungy. Can I get in bed with you?"

"What good will that do?"

"Aren't you hungry too?"

"Damned right."

"Well, there you are."

"I don't get it."

"It's like 'two's company'."

"After that comes 'three's a crowd'. I still don't get it."

"Well, I mean it's more like 'misery likes company.' Jesus! I think I lost ten pounds this week."

"You said that."

"I'm still real hungry, Matt."

HIV May Have Been Around A Long Time

A scientist at the University of Illinois claims that the Human Immunodificiency Virus (AIDS) may have first appeared approximately 300 years ago.

The researcher, geneticist Shozo Yokoyama, says he has traced the development of the HIV to the late 1600s or early 1700s. Generally, scientists around the world have believed that the virus appeared no more than twenty years ago.

"The idea that AIDS emerged as a new disease in recent decades does not seem to hold any more. Rather, AIDS seems to have existed for a long time but to have gone undetected," Yokoyama wrote in a recent article in the scientific journal ***Molecular Biology and Evolution***.

While AIDS was not recognized as a disease until 1981 when it was diagnosed in gay men in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York, Yokoyama believes that AIDS may have been killing people long before it was identified.

The virus has two strains: HIV-1 and HIV-2. It is believed that HIV-1 is responsible for all of the AIDS cases in the United States. While HIV-2 can also cause illness, only a few cases of AIDS have been traced to the strain.

Yokoyama's research suggests that HIV-1 and HIV-2 split from their ancestral virus simultaneously, subsequently following different evolutionary paths. Mutating at a remarkably rapid pace, the two strains continued to generate variations of themselves. Over the past twenty years, different forms of HIV-1 have appeared in Africa and the eastern and western coasts of the United States. The rapid evolution of the virus presents great difficulties in the development of a vaccine.

The findings of another researcher, Temple Smith, affiliated with Harvard University, partly support Yokoyama's research. Smith says that HIV-1 and HIV-2 diverged from their ancestral virus at least forty years ago, but no more than a hundred years ago.

In evolutionary terms, the difference between forty years and three hundred years is small. Thus, the two studies may be compatible.

While the findings may have long-term implications, the dating of the emergence of HIV has no immediate effect on the treatment and prevention of AIDS.

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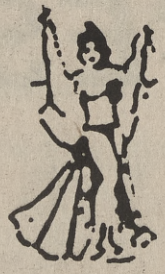
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"OK, Raoul. If it'll make you feel any better, come on. Get in."

"Swell."

"What are you doing, Raoul?"

"Nothing. I just touched you."

"Who said you could touch me?"

"I can't avoid it. If two people are in a single-size bed, they're bound to touch each other. If it bothers you to be touched, I won't touch you. I'll get back in my own bed."

"It's OK. You can touch me. You can touch me anywhere."

"Are you on the square? You mean it?"

"Sure, Kid. I didn't want you to get in with me in the first place because I was afraid I'd touch you and you wouldn't like it."

"On the level?"

"On the level. Since we've known each other we've never been alone together."

"You can touch me too, Matt. If you want to."

"I want to."

"Swell."

"How's that?"

"Swell."

"And how's this?"

"Swell."

"Raoul?"

"Turn around."

"Sure."

"Here's something else you might consider beautiful."

[Continued next issue.]

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

Reviewed by Dean Stonehocker

AIDS AND THE DOCTORS OF DEATH, An Inquiry into the Origin of the AIDS Epidemic, by Alan Cantwell Jr., M.D., Aries Rising Press, 1988.

According the the book's jacket, Dr. Cantwell is a dermatologist and "internationally known" scientific researcher in the field of cancer and AIDS microbiology. He graduated from New York Medical College and studied dermatology at the Long Beach Veterans Administration Hospital in Long Beach, California. He has published more than 30 papers on cancer, AIDS, and other immunologic diseases. He has also written another book: ***AIDS: The Mystery and the Solution***.

Dr. Cantwell fears that the AIDS virus was laboratory created, injected into a test population of Africans and American gays, and studied as a way of proving that cancer is caused by viruses.

He points to various experiments and studies done on bovine and feline leukemia viruses in the early 70s and their remarkable resemblance to the AIDS virus. He proposes that the AIDS virus could have been injected into Africans during a massive smallpox inoculation carried out on that continent throughout the 1970s. As for gay north Americans, he posits that the hepititis vaccine that was tested on gay males in New York, San Francisco, Chicago and St. Louis at about the same time could have included the AIDS virus as well.

There's something about the book that reminds me of National Enquirer stories about aliens hiding among us or "proof" that Elvis lives. I'm not a physician or scientist, but the book seems to be farfetched, hysterical and sloppy.

OUT FRONT, Contemporary Gay and Lesbian Plays, Edited and With Introduction by Don Shewey, Allison Publications, 1988.

According to Shewey (theater critic and journalist, and contributing editor to Rolling Stone): "Through history, theater

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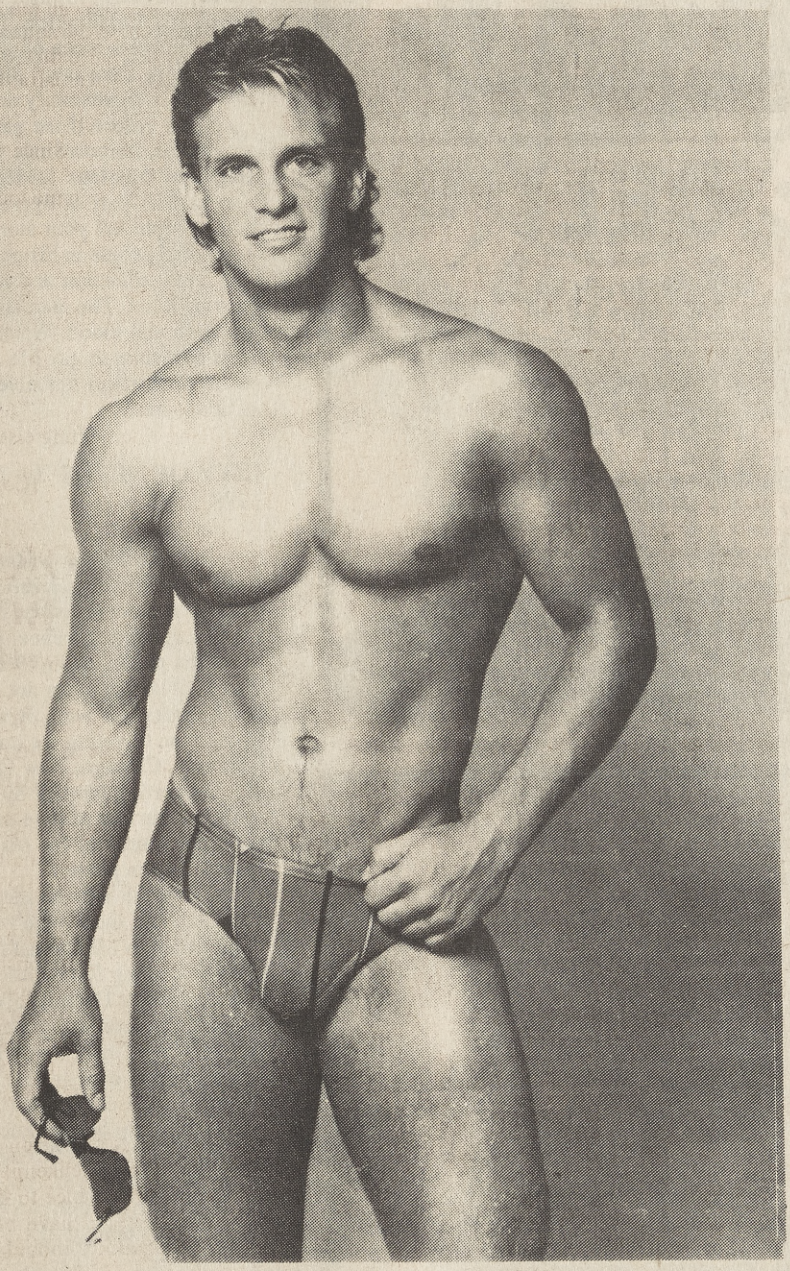

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has provided an opportunity for a community to get together and talk about itself." This wonderful collection of eleven plays, including Doric Wilson's ***Street Theater***, Martin Sherman's ***Bent***, Holly Hughes' ***The Well of Horniness***, and Robert Chesley's ***Jerker, or the Helping Hand*** (among others) contains some fascinating talking indeed.

Before the existence of gay theater companies, such as **The Other Side of Silence**, New York City; **The Out and About Theater**, Minneapolis; **Theater Rhinoceros**, San Francisco; and **Celebration Theater**, Los Angeles (to name but a few), the appearance of gay characters on stage was quite rare. "New York State law," Shewey reports, "prohibited the presentation of homosexuality on stage until 1967."

And before these gay theater companies and openly gay playwrites, homosexuals were stereotypically portrayed on the stage as "frivolous fairies, psychotic bull-dykes, and suicidal queens." If "part of oppression," as Karla Jay says, "is having other people tell your story," then gays were possibly the most oppressed people in history.

This collection and its predecessors, however, do much to provide relief. The men and women characterized in these plays are flesh and blood. Watching them deal with issues and problems particular to gay life and not, helps us to see the world better, to understand ourselves and others, and--certainly not least of all--to heal.

CITY OF NIGHT, by John Rechy, Allison Publications, 1988.

John Rechy has written several other well-received books, including ***Numbers, Rushes***, ***The Vampires***, and ***The Sexual Outlaw: A Documentary***. None of his other books, however, rival ***City of Night*** for sheer poetry and power.

First published in 1963, ***City of Night*** was and remains an important contribution not only to gay literature, but to American literature as well. It is a painfully honest portrayal of a young man traveling the country--New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans--trying to come to terms with life. Supporting himself by hustling homosexuals, he gradually confronts his fear of love and dependency, and begins to understand the source of his own rebellion against life, love, and a pitiless, beaten planet.

Along the way he meets other searchers, battle worn and wounded, and those who've decided to drop out. There is Pete who hustles in Manhattan's subway toilets and all-night movie balconies, going for as little as a quarter if there's nothing more to be had; Miss Destiny, always planning an elaborate wedding to be held as soon as her husband materializes; Sylvia, owner of The Rocking Times bar, who mothers gays after rejecting and then losing her own gay son; and Niel, who poses young men in elaborate male costumes ("... don't call them costumes!") and falls ecstatically before their booted feet.

Rechy's sojourn through city's night contains scenes familiar to most gays, yet, his unashamed self-revelation has the power to change your perceptions of the world. And that, after all, is no easy thing to do.

FAUX PAS

by Ed E. Kett

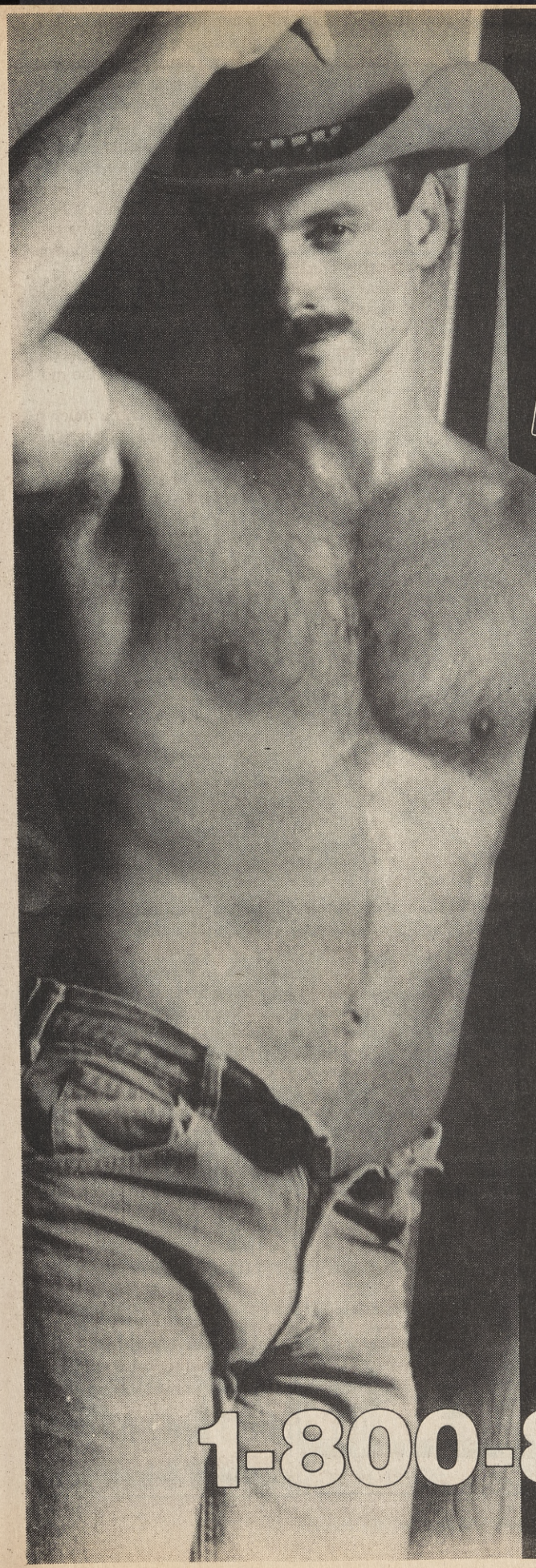
Dear Ed E. Kett,

So what's the story? I meet a great guy at a bar. We start to talk. He lives in the area. He says comes there often, but I never see the guy again. Why is that? Am I committing some etiquette error I'm not even aware of? What gives?

Yours,
Clyde

Dear Mr. Clyde,

You've committed no error. You're both probably on different schedules. If you want to meet that guy again, try going back to the bar at the same time and on the same day of the week as it was when you first met him.



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GAMES

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*Several possibilities here, but the Wiz only likes one.

STOLEC	=	
DIESH	=	
MALTEN	=	*
DARWS	=	*
BOSER	=	*

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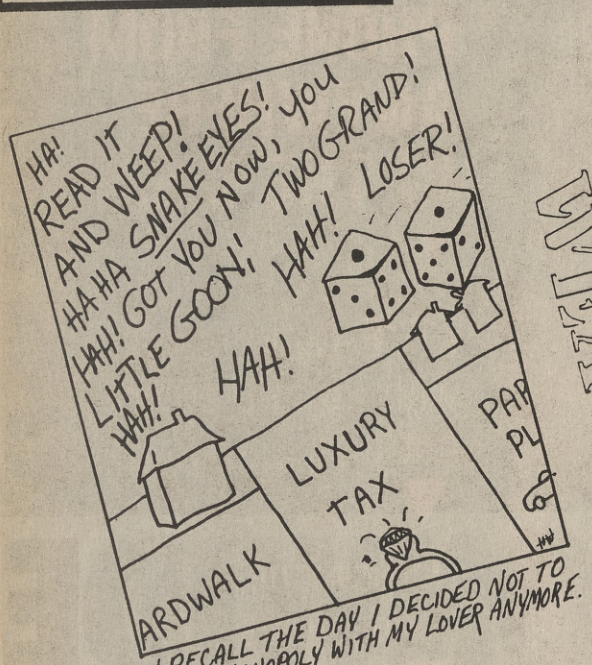
Answers in Classified Section


HA! READ IT AND WEEP! HA HA SNAKE EYES! HAH! GOT YOU NOW, YOU LITTLE GOON! TWO GRAND! HAH! LOSER! HAH! HAH!
LUXURY TAX
ARDWALK
I RECALL THE DAY I DECIDED NOT TO PLAY MONOPOLY WITH MY LOVER ANYMORE.

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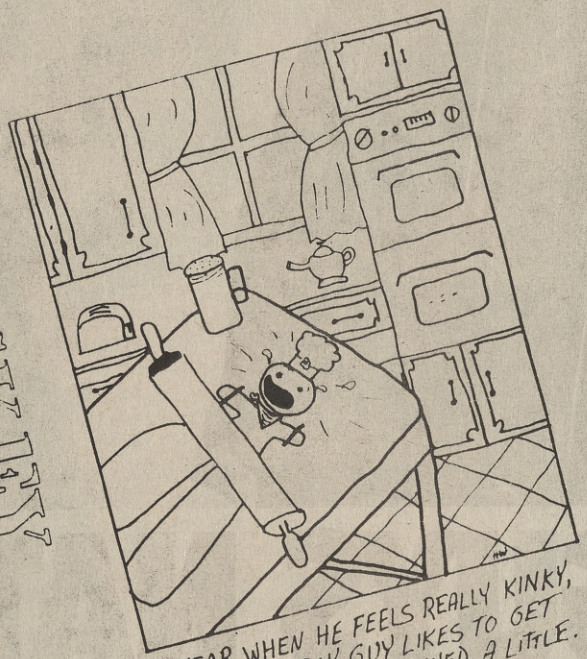
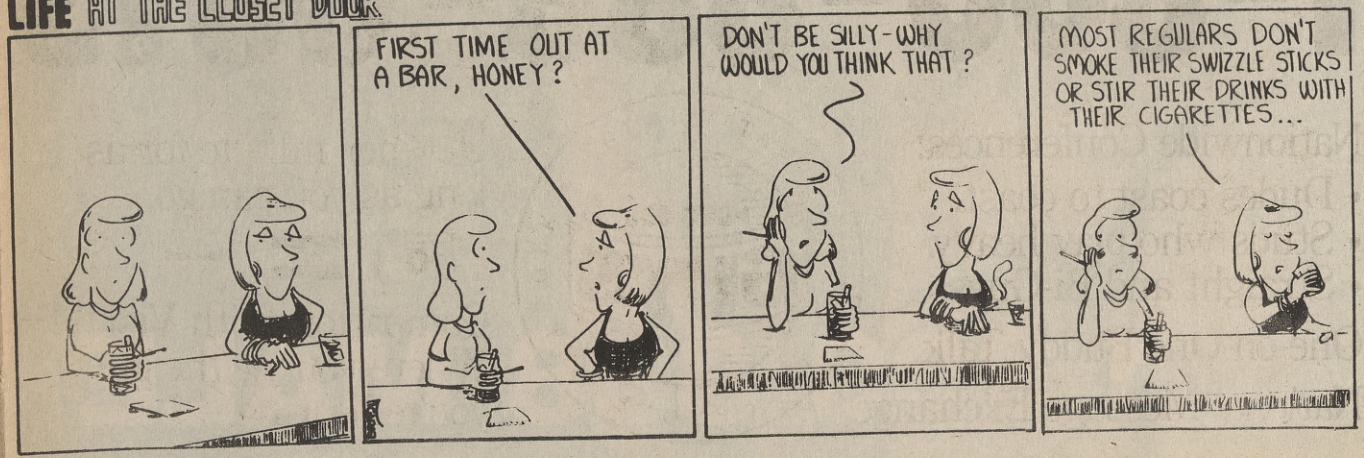
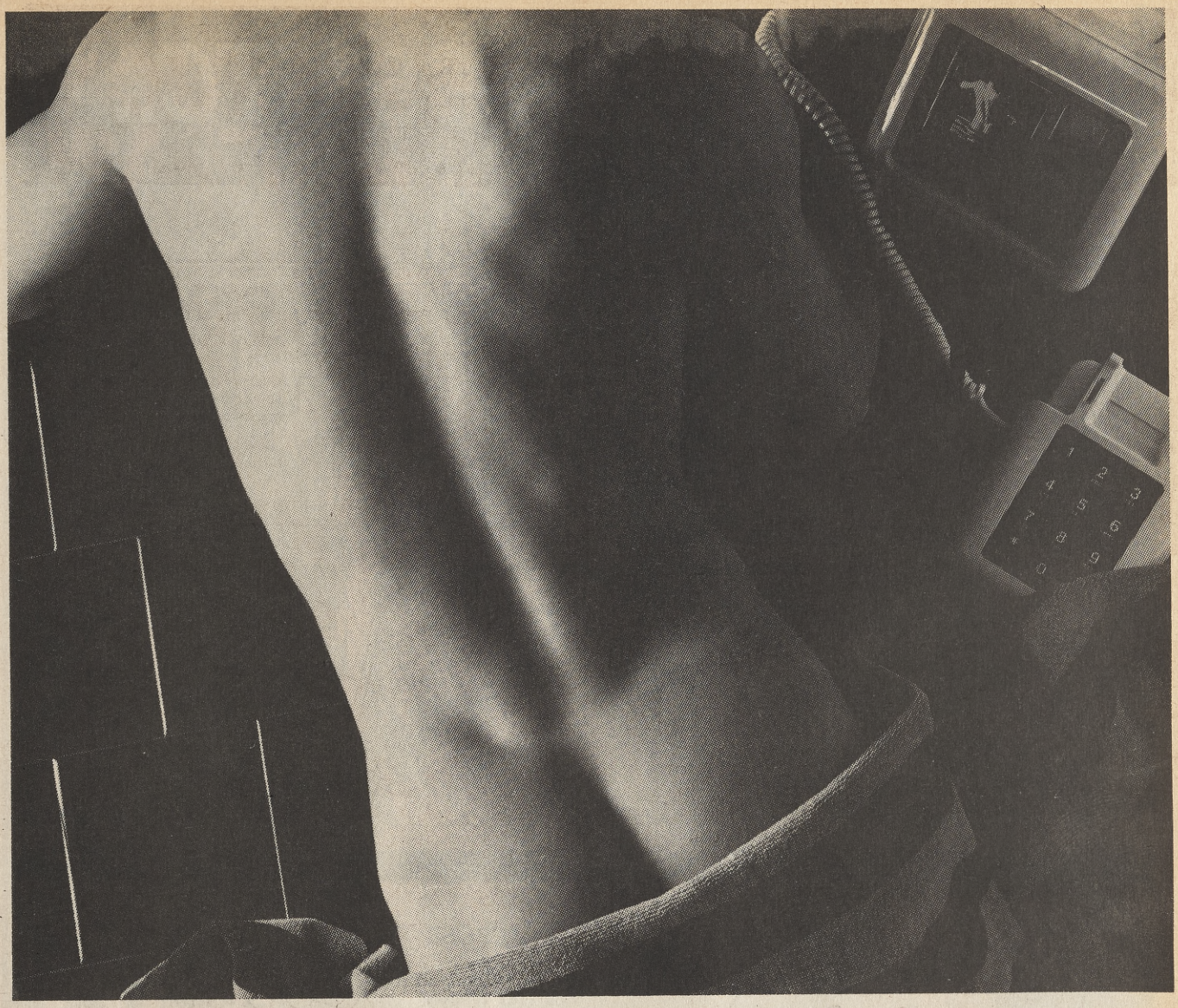


LIFE AT THE CLOSET DOOR


FIRST TIME OUT AT A BAR, HONEY?
DON'T BE SILLY - WHY WOULD YOU THINK THAT?
MOST REGULARS DON'T SMOKE THEIR SWIZZLE STICKS OR STIR THEIR DRINKS WITH THEIR CIGARETTES...



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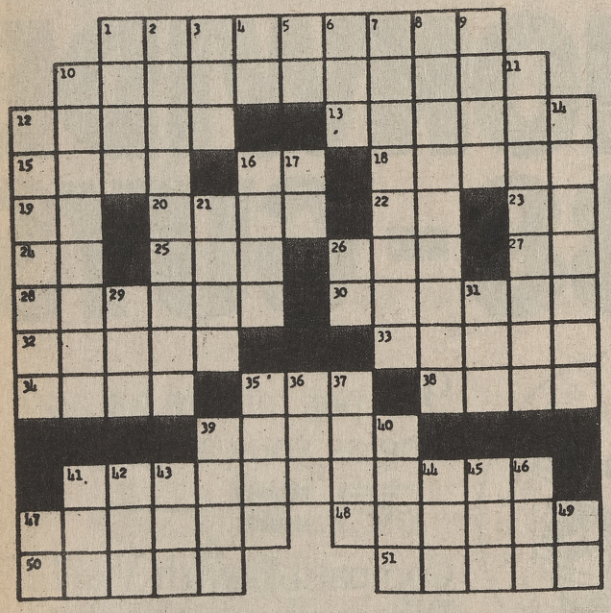
14
IT'S WEDNESDAY MORNING...
UGH! NOT AGAIN! DIDN'T WE JUST WAKE UP YESTERDAY?
BEEP
BEEPBEEP!
BEEPBEEPBEEP!
ZNK.
CAN YOU DRIVE ME TO SCHOOL? I HAVE SOME LAST MINUTE WORK TO DO BEFORE MY TORTS EXAM.
OKAY, BUT HURRY UP. I'VE GOT TO DROP THE TRUCK OFF WITH THE MECHANIC ON MY WAY TO WORK. THE MUFFLER'S SHOT.
SKRITCH SKRITCH
CAN I BORROW SOME UNDERWEAR?
THIS IS MY LAST PAIR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO DO THE LAUNDRY YESTERDAY!
DAMMIT! NO MILK! I HATE EATING DRY CEREAL!
HAVE YOU PAID THE PHONE BILL? WE GOT A FINAL NOTICE YESTERDAY.
DISCONNECTION
THE TOAST!
¡AY!
OH, NO!
WHAT?
WE FORGOT OUR ANNIVERSARY AGAIN! MONDAY WAS OUR FIFTH!
CRUNCH CRUNCH
SCRAPE SCRAPE
TORTS
DATES
WELL, LET'S CELEBRATE TONIGHT, THEN.
I CAN'T. THE WOMEN OF COLOR ANTI-VIOLENCE PROJECT IS MEETING AT 8.
OH, WELL. I SHOULD GO TO KARATE CLASS ANYWAY, AND MO WANTS TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME. HOW ABOUT TOMORROW NIGHT?
I HAVE THERAPY TOMORROW NIGHT.
THERAPY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE FINISHED WITH THERAPY!
FINISHING. I'M IN THE PROCESS OF FINISHING. DON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME ANY MORE?
HOW COULD I LISTEN TO YOU? WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR A CONVERSATION IN WEEKS!
HELL! IT'S LATER THAN I THOUGHT! THE ALARM CLOCK MUST BE SLOW AGAIN! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DROP YOU OFF.
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY! BYE!
SAME TO YOU. BRING HOME SOME MILK.

CLOSET



ACROSS

1. Particular talent
10. Shut ins
12. Entire
13. Swipes
15. Cassava
16. Trial guy inits.
18. Moral standard
19. Meas. (ebs.)
20. Guy
22. Canada Prov.
23. Western zip inits.
24. Finan. note
25. Head part
26. Blew?
27. Gold meas.
28. Loner type
30. Folksong little guys
32. Interior
33. Chem. suffix
34. Measure (China)
35. Long _____
38. Wash. Senator star
39. Things
41. Closet feeling
47. Jumpy
48. Shrink back
50. Shameful act
51. O'Toole or a tool

DOWN

1. Feed pigs
2. Pigs?
3. Compass point
4. Pronoun (Fr.)
5. Pronoun
6. Bisex. term (pl.)
7. Possibly gay
8. Sleeping sickness insect
9. Affirmative (slang)
10. Fowl play objects
11. Mining soil
12. Warning (2 wds.)
14. Feces fellows (2 wds.)
16. Pointed play thing
17. News serv.
21. Pubic for one
26. Sobering group inits.
29. Med. union
31. Ind. live-wire org.
35. Legal rep.
36. Lang
37. Played Zhivago
39. _____ said the blind man
40. Stair
41. Pro
42. Queen's husband (Fr.)
43. Military inits.
44. Rocks in bar
45. Out (Scot.)
46. Never (Ger.)
47. Noble court head inits.
49. London ship rater inits.

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QUIET, secure GWM, 50s, 6-2, 175, br hair & eyes, non-drinker/smoker/drugger, seeks WASP-type pal 40-60s. Likes Bach, books, ballet, Channel 6, puns, comedies, word games, walks, trips, shared time. Dislike bars, brawls, bitchiness, rock, "gay scene." Write Patlar Ad 7-C, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [810PL]

WHITE, bisexual man, 40s, wants to meet women and men for friendship and fun. Write Patlar ad 7-02, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

114 YEAR OLD MAN seeks boy friend. Mild mannered, self-sufficient ancient person seeks cuddly, relaxed non-smoker, very horny, over sexed. Have been out of the closet exactly one century next month. Emotional intimacy, warm feelings essential. Incidentally, I look 43 even if I really am 114. Write me c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

TATER TOT. Grade "A" medium couch potato seeks "spuddy" for mutual peeling and mashing. Prefer New California White or Sweet Little Red. Butter & sour cream OK. No forking on the first bake. Reply to Patlar Ad 7-01, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

AD SPECIAL
CALL US!
(916) 452 - 0769

THIS IS IT! I am a good looking, independent, intelligent, affectionate, single WM. Would like to meet man with good heart and warmth. Please include phone number with reply. Patlar Ad 9-01, The Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

MEET YOUR OWN KIND. The relationship you seek; mutuality, depth, monogamy, no drugs/alcohol. The lover: 30-50, masc, healthy, fitness oriented, responsible professional, likes self. If interested write: Patlar Ad 11-3, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

MASSAGE
Swedish-Shiatsu
Mark
(916) 929-5940

HOT OIL MASSAGE
SWEDISH/ESCALEN
by Carl
(916) 444-5602
CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT

IT'S NEW! IT'S EASY! AND IT'S YOURS!

CALL 976 - MOST

THE LOCAL SACRAMENTO CRUISE LINE

YOUR OWN TELEPHONE BULLETIN BOARD WITH PROVEN RESULTS!

OR CALL
916-976-6678

LEAVE A MESSAGE OR LISTEN TO THOSE LEFT BY OTHER SACRAMENTO GAY MEN OR WOMEN.

DISCOVER THE MOST FABULOUS WAY TO FIND FUN AND LOVE

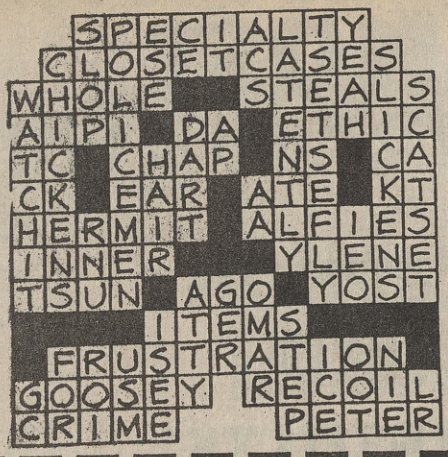
YOUR MESSAGE POSTED INSTANTLY!

24 HOURS

$2,00 + TOLL,IF ANY

The Wiz says:

CLOSET HIDES MENTAL WARDS ROBES



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☐ JOBS	☐ ROOMMATES	☐ TRAVEL
☐ MASSAGE	☐ FOR SALE	☐ OTHER(SPECIFY):

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE

AD:

MAKE CHECK OR M/O PAYABLE TO:
PATLAR
P O BOX 22402
SACRAMENTO, CA 95822

ARE YOU OUT THERE? A delicate male, little body hair, somewhat effeminate, passive in making love, top in sex. Must enjoy this hairy chested muscular man, and be eager to please, both in and out of bed. Age, income, endowment are unimportant; integrity is. Monogamous, relocatable only. Dark skin a plus. I'm earthy, vulnerable, and warm. 5'11", #190, "Rancher" type, and easy to know. Bud, PO Box 62, Woodland, CA 95695. ALL ANSWERED!!!! [91EPL]

GWM, 38, French passive, clean and healthy, wants to service healthy, French active men in good shape. Write: Patlar Ad 55-01, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

DIABLO DEVIATES
Are Eastbay leathermen into hot, safe SM, B/D, other "deviate" sex. We have a private Contact Roster, monthly newsletter & sex parties, & 24-hour clubhouse/playroom with toys, equipment & porn. Experienced men eagerly sought; novices welcome. Details: SASE to DV8s, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672. [8IEPL]

GWM, 27, athletic, lean & tall, UCD student, likes to meet health conscious GM (18-30) for long-term partnership. Room for rent. Will answer your letter & photo. Write to Patlar, PL-139, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [98 PL]

HOPING TO MEET an exceptional gay man? How about someone attractive, articulate, compassionate, erudite, gracious, hairy, hunky, loyal, manly, professional, personable, romantic, scrupulous, sharp, titillating, urbane, not usually this verbose, and without vices? Piqued your interest, have I? Think we have things in common, do you? Can't wait to get acquainted, huh? Hope at least to make a new friend? Great! Me too! Write Patlar Ad 7-01, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

SOCIAL DISEASE coward will consider long-term monogamous relationship with cowardly GWM. Write Patlar Ad 5-06, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

GWM, 27, athletic, lean & tall, UCD student, likes to meet health conscious GM (18-30) for long-term partnership. Room for rent. Will answer your letter & photo. Write to Patlar, PL-139, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [98 PL]

GWM, good looks, desires buddies/couples for safe enchanted evenings. Smooth, slim a plus. All replies with description answered. Write Patlar Ad 5-07, c/o Patlar, Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

I"M LOOKING FOR A GAY W/M FRIEND, a non-smoker or drinker, 25-50. I maintain a pied-de-terre where we can get together away from snoopy people and have complete privacy! Write Marshall, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [PL134]

MALE, mid 50s, emp prof seeks same. Possible relationship. (916) 962-3082. [811PL]

MAN TWO MAN, (916) 391-9755. See display ad. [81205]

ROMANTIC, secure GWM, attractive, masculine, healthy, easy going and fun. Seeks same for lifemate. Prefer under 6', stable, caring, honest guy. Please, no drugs, alcohol, fats, or hairy. Write to Patlar Ad 5-03, c/o Patlar, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822.

RENTALS

SHARE APT., Call Greg (916) 443-4173. [811RS]

SHARE nice quiet 3-b edr, 2-bath house w/spa with GWM in Davis. No pets. $400 plus 1/2 util. (916) 756-3366, (916) 756-3711. [811RS]

ROOM & BOARD Downtown Sacto area. Nice older home, quiet, clean, non-smoker, drinker nor drugs. Private room. (916) 452-0769. [811 RS]

SERVICES

MAN TWO MAN, (916) 391-9755. [81205]

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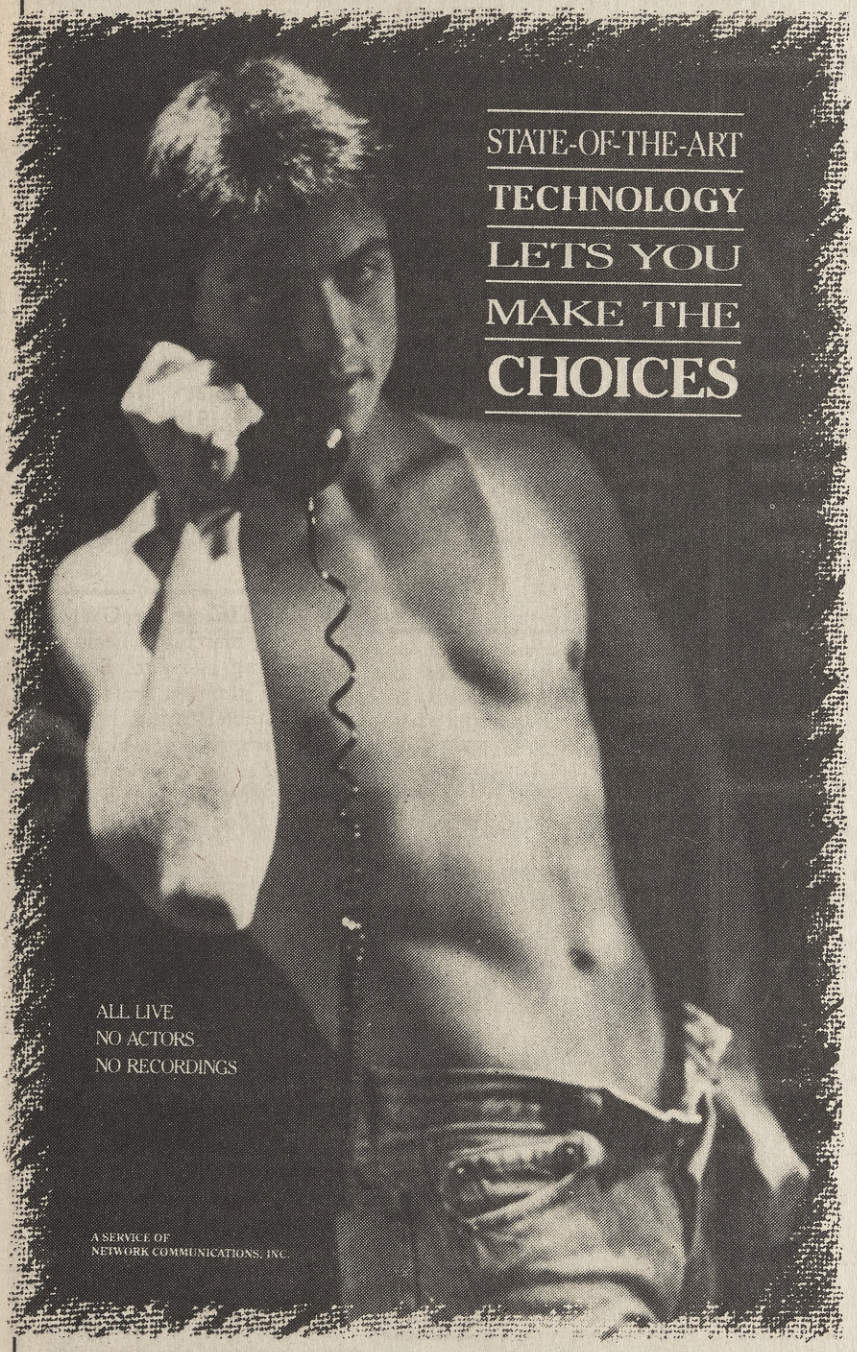

1 **MEN TO MEN**
JOIN UP TO EIGHT MEN ON A STEAMY PARTY LINE!

2 **MAN TO MAN**
CONNECT ONE-ON-ONE WITH "MR. RIGHT"

3 **HEAVY-ACTION**
HOOK UP WITH UP TO EIGHT TOPS, BOTTOMS, TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION MEN AND OTHER HEAVY-ACTION DUDES!

4 **SLEAZELINE**
LEATHER YOUR SCENE? S&M, B&D, ETC? SAY IT THE WAY IT IS WITH UP TO EIGHT OTHER GUYS INTO YOUR KIND OF ACTION!

5 **CHAT LINE**
JUST FEELING SOCIAL? YOU'RE SURE TO FIND SOMEONE TO SHOOT-THE-BREEZE ABOUT THEATRE, MUSIC, POLITICS OR WHATEVER!

6 **BILLBOARD "A"**
LEAVE YOUR "PERSONAL" MESSAGE... TELL WHAT YOU'VE GOT — ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT!

7 **BILLBOARD "B"**
LISTEN TO WHAT OTHER MEN HAVE TO OFFER... FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!

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